

# THE TIMES-DISPATCH

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SUNDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1912.

## SHALL THE PEOPLE RULE?

Shall the people or the Plunderbund rule?

That is the most important issue involved in the pending controversy over the two proposed constitutional amendments, which, if adopted, would permit city treasurers and city commissioners of the revenue unlimited tenure of office. Whether or not it is wise to allow the officers affected such tenure is the smaller question.

The Plunderbund, a powerful combination of certain greedy and wealthy officeholders, is formed to prevent the people from securing laws that will better their condition. This giant combination of leeches, who fatten upon the hard-earned money of the people, determined that the General Assembly of 1912 should not enact laws that would be against the interest of any officeholder and that it would have to enact any law that was in the interest of any officeholder or officeholders.

Naturally it resolved, in the face of the Constitution of Virginia, that it would force down the throats of the legislators the resubmission of the two changes in the Constitution which would allow unlimited tenure of office to city treasurers and commissioners of the revenue. The Plunderbund knew that if it could railroad this unconstitutional legislation through it would thereby increase its strength. So it went to work. Its whispering lobbyists buttonholed and bulldozed. They said to legislators: "You ought to vote for this legislation. Certain officeholders in your county or city want you to do it, and you know they will back you up if you do and go after you if you don't." Telegrams and letters poured in from the absentee members of the Plunderbund. The result was that the bill shot through both houses like a greased hog. While the Plunderbund held its big stick over the heads of the legislators, "the boys" shot the Constitution to pieces.

Was that done for the people? Oh, no; the people were being "done." "Who gives a hill of beans for what the people want when the officeholders are at the counter?" said the Plunderbund. "Let the people go to thunder. What have they got to do with the General Assembly? Isn't this government the officeholders' government?"

And that was not all. The Plunderbund is still at work trying to deceive the people. Officeholders of various classes are working for the passage of the proposed amendments to office for life. The Plunderbund is powerful, and its members have been successful. The word has gone out from the Plunderbund: "Put this deal over." Men who have been connected with the officeholders are going about asking voters to vote for the amendments. Officeholders who are not affected are doing the same thing. They are obeying orders. They have received an O. O. S. over the wireless.

The issue is as clear as daylight: shall the people or the Plunderbund rule? If you would aid in the restoration of the control of the government to the people, vote against the proposed amendments and against further blighting of the Constitution. For these suggested changes represent a sinister attempt to perpetuate a government of officeholders, by officeholders and for officeholders.

## CHAMBER OF COMMERCE DINNER.

Every one of the 700 members of the Richmond Chamber of Commerce should be represented at the "Get Together" dinner to be given at the Jefferson Hotel on Tuesday evening. This is to be more than a pleasure gathering. It will be an opportunity for the men most vitally interested in the welfare of Richmond to hear presented what are the immediate plans and future opportunities for building a greater and more prosperous city. Every member is expected to learn that he is a potential factor in a big organization for better things. He will meet his fellow-workers face to face, and be told what he can do to help, and what he can expect in return for his service. The idea is to present a comprehensive outline of the industrial, commercial and social future of Richmond, and to invite criticism of what does not seem wise in present undertakings and suggestions as to what may be done to better present plans. It is not to be a one-man meeting, but everybody's meeting, for discussion and inspiration.

What Richmond needs more than anything else is a big vision and a spirit of co-operation to join all agencies for progress in one solid fighting unit. The dinner is exactly fitted to encourage both of these things. It will not be an occasion of boasting or idle talk. It will be an opportunity for practical views on the business of making Greater Richmond a reality. For proper growth and development there must be a plan to begin with, and much good, hard work to put it into execution. Tuesday

night the plan will be presented and the impetus for the work given. It will be brought forcibly home to the business interests of Richmond, large and small, that each shares in the progress of the whole, and that each has some specific duty to perform to help himself by helping the whole.

The nature of the occasion prevents any definite program. Every man can speak for himself. But among the matters to be brought up will be the question of centralizing and extending the manufacturing interests of the city, the vital need for an extension of territory to provide for present population and prospective growth, the duty of caring for the negro portion of the people, the improvement of social conditions and such concrete problems as a new and handsome bridge across the James and a union station. These points suggest of what profound interest this gathering will be to every individual whose welfare depends upon the welfare of his city.

The prospects of making the Chamber of Commerce a more important factor in the community will be emphasized. The increased usefulness of the body after it gets into its new building and co-ordinates the separate agencies working along similar lines will be taken up, as well as the collection and installation of the manufacturers' exhibit.

## "SCUFFLES"—A TRUE BOOK.

"Scuffles," by Sally Nelson Robins, of Richmond, is a little masterpiece of bitter-sweet truth. With grim and piercing literary skill it chronicles the material struggles and spiritual adventures of one of that band of black-gowned martyrs who throughout the South for forty years after the war fought to make the ends meet and educate their children by acting as unwilling "hostesses" for what they euphemistically called "paying guests." Pride kept them from becoming boarding-house keepers, for, as the author puts the fact in brilliant epigram: "Those who scuffle essay to conceal their scuffling. There are, indeed, the short and simple annals of the haughty poor, not the unending continued stories of the boastful indigent." The human agony of reconstruction has never been better pictured than in these simple pages full of the tragic pathos of gentle women, bred to wealth and social position, forced into contact with the sordid realities of making a living. The book is the epic of an era in miniature.

Yet, because of its sincerity and keen analysis of human people, it is more than a Southern story. It is the universal history of poverty faced by pride. It tells of scornful relatives, the dread visits of the installment man, the grief over children cut by social distinctions, the enduring of bores for their monthly price, and the unwilling acceptance of old clothes at the hands of friends. These things may be a mystery to those who have not suffered them; to those who have, they mean wisdom. The mixture of humor and irony with which the incidents are told, and the stern economy of words, produce a deep and moving impression of reality. The picture of "refined and almost exalted destitution" is drawn without sentimentality or maudlin self-pity on the sound philosophy that "We are as God made us, I suppose."

The literary art of this small volume is like clear water in a weary desolation of cheap and affected writing. Can Greek severity surpass this bit on the death of a husband: "He missed a fence and a ditch, and his skull was crushed against a tree. Agony in time gave way to expediency." Or the effect of this imagery: "In the midst of scuffles, success is the only conclusion. When the sea of scuffles calms, when the light is over, and the scars gleam rough and red—success or failure is not the thing—but the glint of the gold which has been tried." The humor is no less genuine. The negro servant is a joy, as when, about to miss the gift of a colored waist because she is in mourning for her husband, she announces that she has "bout decided to take off mourning from her waist up." There is true satire in the thrust at ancestor seekers. "Every bird, be it fitting swallow, wary hawk, or twittering sparrow, claims William Byrd." A vigorous imagination alone produces figures as pointed as the following: "Like old wine, I had mellowed among the cobwebs of my soul," and "I take up my thought like a dropped stitch."

## HAIR AND CHARACTER.

What is the relation of the form and color of the hair to talent and genius? Is it the light-haired or the dark-haired person who is most likely to display marked intellectual power? Does spiral or straight hair most often point to capacity? Do soft and stiff hair mean the same or different degrees of character and mental endowments of the owner?

Charles Kassell answers these questions in the Popular Science Monthly by classifying men of genius according to the characteristics of their hair. Incidentally, blue and gray eyes predominate among persons of distinction. Celebrated men have usually been dark-haired. Among the possessors of "black" hair were Matthew Arnold, Coleridge, Sir Thomas More, Ben Jonson, Charles Lamb, Webster and Whittier. Classified as dark-haired men are Browning, the elder Dumas, Irving, Landon, Parkman,

Stevenson and Tennyson. Brown was the hair color of Bryant, Charles XII., Captain Cook, Cromwell, Longfellow, Gordon, Grant, Keats, Napoleon, Milton, Shelley, Sumner and Washington. Light-haired celebrities are few, although they number Thackeray, Bunyan, Andrew Jackson, Lowell, Swinburne and Savonarola. Mr. Kassell finds no man of genius whose hair is described as "yellow."

"The hair of genius," he says, "is in the very large majority of cases dark. Red and yellow hair rarely accompany genius." Individuals of artistic or literary genius, he adds, usually possess curly or wavy hair. There is comfort for the blond in the fact that data for the investigation were scarce and that the conclusions reached are only tentative.

## THE NEW REVOLUTION IN MEXICO.

There is another Richmond in the Mexican revolutionary field—Felix Diaz, nephew of grim, iron-handed, patriotic old Porfirio Diaz, who brought the country out of the chaos succeeding the ill-starred Maximilian venture, unified it as it had not been unified in long years, faced it towards progress and development as it had not been faced in many decades, and ruled it for over a generation. If the nephew is cast in anything like the mold of his uncle, the best friends of Mexico can wish the republic is success of his cause.

And it would appear that he is so cast. Felix Diaz has heretofore kept out of all the revolutionary movements against the Madero order. He is represented as a man of serious mind and purpose, of energy, balance and resourcefulness, and as being a well trained soldier, who would hardly head such a movement as the one he is now engaged in, without assurance of strong and well organized support. These representations are borne out on the face of the conditions under which he has taken leadership. The conditions conspire to justify the conclusion that he looked long and thoughtfully, and prepared systematically, before bringing on the "new crisis." Making Vera Cruz the center of the revolution—its headquarters—was the strategic stroke of a soldier, and at the same time, in a sense, the stroke of a diplomat. Vera Cruz is the chief commercial city of Mexico, and the seaport of the capital of the nation, which is only 180 miles distant. There comes in the strategic significance of Diaz's policy, while for the other factor, the movement is relieved of the suspicion of being simply a frontier guerrilla attempt at overturning the de facto government, dependent upon securing guns and other supplies from Texas, and hopeful of forcing intervention by the United States.

That Diaz counted confidently upon no insignificant, desultory, sporadic and free lance following, such as for the most part has constituted the adherents of Orozco and Zapata, respectively, and that he did not reckon without his host in this matter, is abundantly testified to by a number of salient facts, which forecast his triumph. The Vera Cruz garrison has declared for him, the custom house of the port has been closed, and the collector has turned over to him all the funds in hand. On good authority it is stated that the whole State of Jalisco, one of the richest, most populous, important and enlightened in the republic, is rallying to his standard, and there are well founded reports that both Orozco and Zapata have acknowledged his leadership, and expressed willingness to conduct auxiliary and co-operative revolutionary operations under his direction in other parts of the country. Another element of strength is found in the recognition that the nephew cannot but attract to his support multitudes of the old friends and admirers of the uncle—Mexico's "one great President"—who, apart from their pride in tradition, have come to realize that the hope of Mexico rests at last in return to "benevolent despotism," who are convinced through experience that the people of Mexico, as a mass, are still far from being prepared for the "self-rule" of the Madero type.

We have it, therefore, that the Diaz revolution is not only formidable, but would seem ominous for the Madero government, the twelve months' existence of which has been distinguished only by legislative dissension, weakness and vacillation, and efforts to hold with the hare and run with the hounds on the part of Madero himself, business and industrial demoralization, utter incompetency to deal with brigandage, and the taking of the cloak of revolution, and incitement to involvement of the United States. By the same token, however, the Diaz movement would seem fruitful of prophecy of ending these conditions, establishing stable government, and turning Mexico once more into the road of prosperity, material development and a higher civilization.

What Mexico needs, what other nations need, she should have, as the Madero experiment has proved beyond cavil, is a man who has caught up the mantle of Porfirio Diaz. Such a man, it seems, the younger Diaz is conceded to be. Therefore we iterate that the best friends of Mexico could wish the republic is success of his cause. If it is given to him to wear the mantle, worthily and intelligently donning it means peace, law and order where continued unrest, turmoil, lawlessness and eventual anarchy appear inevitable.

## THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.

"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is neither variableness, nor shadow of turning."—St. James 1, 17.

To us, who have been taught from childhood to believe in God, it seems a hard thing to understand that people

anywhere should believe in more gods than one. And yet let us consider that had it not been for our parents and the church to teach us ever since we knew anything, we would have been like the heathen. Our forefathers once worshipped many gods, and if we will consider the names of their old gods we shall understand it better. The names of the old English gods are known to us all; the days of the week are named after them. The old English kept time by weeks, as the old Jews did, and named their days after their gods. Man must worship something, and these simple men looked up to heaven above and round on the earth beneath, and asked themselves, "Who is it who is calling for us? Who gives us everything? Whom ought we to obey and who may hurt us if we make him angry?" Then the first great thing they saw was the sun. What could be more beautiful? What more beneficent? From the wonderful sun came light and heat, the growth of all living things. So they thought the sun must surely be a god, so they worshipped the sun, and called the first day of the week after him—Sunday.

Nothing seemed so grand to them after the sun as the moon, so she became their goddess, and Monday was named for her.

Then the wind. What a mysterious power the wind possessed, always moving, yet no one knew how. As our blessed Lord said Himself, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth."

With the old English, as with the Jews and Greeks, the same word that meant wind meant spirit, and so they came to believe the wind was a type of the spirit or soul of man. It was supposed to inspire man to be brave and do noble things, to keep his soul unfettered, and the wind was called Woden, the mover, the inspirer; and Wednesday was named for him.

Next the thunder, which seemed terrible and yet so full of good. They called him Thor, and so Thursday was named.

Now when Thor's hammer, with which he split rocks and melted the winter ice, drove away cold winter, then came spring, a wonderful goddess, whom they called Feiya, the free and cheerful one, and named Friday for her. After her coming all the wonders of the beauty of spring were theirs, and later came the harvest, the ripening of the golden grain, and they felt this must be the working of some powerful spirit who loved men; and they called this power Seator, the setter, the planter, the god of the seed field, and after him Saturday was named.

And so, instead of worshipping the Creator, who made all things in heaven and on earth, they turned to worship the things created—like the foolish Canaanites. This was all a great mistake, and none of those worshipping these numerous gods could be helped or elevated, because, after all, they were only worshipping things temporal, and in a way no more powerful than man, because created by man. The results proved this—here and there might be found places where altars had been raised to Thor and Woden, and an everlasting fire started, the ground about black and crusted with the blood of men sacrificed there to a god whom men believed loved and exacted such butchery.

Surely those were days and works of darkness. In other words, here were men making gods and making them as bad as themselves, attributing to them their own fierce passions and revengeful feelings.

At last, however, Christianity dawned, and oh, what a marvelous change! Men now were to know of the true God—He who desired not the sacrifice of human life, but wished all men to know of the forgiveness of sin.

What a wonderful exchange—to give up the old gods who quarreled with mankind, who had variableness and revenge in them, for the one true God, the Father of light and love, and "in whom is neither variableness nor shadow of turning." Then they learned that from one God came every good and perfect gift, that God filled the sun with light and warmth, that God guided the changes of the moon; God, not Thor, gave to men courage and industry; God, not Woden, inspired them to speak noble words and do noble deeds. He sent the spring and the harvest, and filled the earth with good and gladness.

But what was it about this new God, even the true God, which won the hearts of our forefathers?

# "RESCUED FROM ROBBERS; OR, HOORAY FOR OLD MR. CORN CROP!"

By John T. McCutcheon.

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## AMERICAN MISTRESS FOR SHEEN LODGE

Old Estate Purchased by Captain the Hon. Horace Hood, of Royal Navy.

BY LA MARQUESE DE FONTENAY.

SHEEN LODGE, for so long the suburban home of King George's eldest sister, the widowed Princess Royal, will from now on have an American mistress, having been sold to Captain the Hon. Horace Hood, of the royal navy, whose wife is a daughter of the late A. E. Touzalin, of the Santa Fe and of the Chicago, Burlington and Northern Railroad, and widow of George Nickerson, of Burlington, Iowa.

Sheen Lodge is situated about a mile from Mortlake, included in very beautiful grounds abutting on Richmond Park, so that the latter seems indeed to be part and parcel of the property. During the first ten years of the marriage of the late Duke of Fife and Princess Royal, they were wont to spend all the week ends of the season there; while on Sundays King Edward, Queen Alexandra, and the present King and his consort, would drive out for afternoon tea or for dinner in the evening, amidst rural surroundings. Of course, there was even prior to those days a good deal of visiting between Sheen Lodge and White Lodge, in Richmond Park, the girlhood home of Queen Mary, and it was in the garden of Sheen that King George was affianced to Queen Mary.

Comparatively few people are acquainted with the interior of Sheen Lodge and the gardens, since the Duke and Duchess of Fife restricted their hospitality there exclusively to their royal relatives, entertaining their friends at circumstances of lesser degree at their large house in Portman Square. Captain Hood is next heir to his elder brother's Viscountcy and Barony of Hood. He was connected for a time with the English embassy at Washington, as naval attaché, was a midshipman on board the Calypso in the great hurricane at Samoa in 1889, when that warship was handled in such a manner as to excite the enthusiasm of the entire civilized world; commanded one of the gunboats on the Nile in the Sudan War which ended in the victory of the Omdurman and the taking of Khartoum, and later on saw more active service at the head of the Naval Brigade in the military operations in Somaliland against the Mahdists.

For the last two years, that is to say, since his marriage, Captain Hood has been in charge of the Naval College at Osborne, where he has had King George's second son, Prince Albert, under his care, and where Mrs. Hood has been called upon to entertain both the King and Queen whenever they came to Osborne to visit their boy.

The Viscountcy of Hood, and likewise the barony of the same name, were created in favor of the captain's great-grandfather, the famous British Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, in recognition of his numerous naval victories in the two closing decades of the eighteenth century, and especially for his capture of the island of Corsica, and for his defeat of the fleets of France and Spain in the Bay of Gibraltar. Since then, at least half-a-dozen families have fallen in battle, and with a couple of exceptions every one of the men has done service either in the army or in the navy.

They are, as a rule, very good-looking, though diminutive in stature. The late Lord Hood was in his bachelor days a suitor for the hand of Miss Adair's sister, Princess Louise, now Duchess of Argyll. Lord Hood's aspirations are said to have been put aside, on the ground that being a mere viscount, his rank was inadequate for his intended bride, who was the daughter of a duke. When the princess married John Campbell, now Duke of Argyll, a commoner became countess, elevated

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## QUERIES & ANSWERS

Cabin John Bridge.

Can you give me the origin of the name, "Cabin John Bridge?" W. E. GRAY.

We have looked into our directories and guide books, etc., of Washington that we have and written to the only historical society especially interested in Washington and the District, and all we can learn is the old tale we have always heard, that there was some hundred and fifty years ago, a settler on the creek over which this bridge passes in the famous arch, that bridge passes in the famous arch, that John, to which for further distinction his territorial title was added, followed the most distinguished European usage, and that he so became known as "Cabin John," and the creek as "Cabin John Creek," and that the bridge takes its name from that of the creek.

Tree Doctors.

Some time ago I noticed the operations of tree doctors in Richmond, and have ever since intended to ask you if this sort of practice is successful, and whether it is of recent origin. Can you inform me? T. E.

As successful as most surgery. We have books on the subject older than about 200 years, but they refer plentifully that of Count Montenuovo, which is to older treatises.

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